EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE **WASHINGTON TIMES** APRIL 17, 1918 WASHINGTON

## Put Fifty Thousands of These Machines to Work Above German Soil

It Could Be Done. It Wouldn't Take Long. It Might End the War OUR Way.

Here are facts concerning the flying machine problem.

The machine, of which you see a picture on this page, has made more than a thousand flights.

It can go about sixty miles an hour.

As shown here, it is arranged to alight and rise from water or ice. It can equally well be arranged to land on and rise from the ground.

The engines in this flying machine are not "Liberty motors," Rolls Royce engines, or any other contrivance imitating a chronometer nice to talk about and watch, impossible to produce in quantities.

This machine, which has flown a thousand times, carries **TWO ORDINARY FORD ENGINES**, such as you see in any Ford car. The engines are altered slightly, inexpensively, for flying machine use.

How does this picture and how do these statements impress the air experts?

This machine, flying sixty miles an hour, can carry three hundred pounds of dynamite to be dropped on the heads of Germans. Would not twenty-five or fifty thousand such machines be the right kind of United States flock to send above the Germans?

These machines can be made for less than $3,000 each—in quantities for less than half that sum, with profiteering cut out. With the first $650,000,000 appropriated for flying machines—an appropriation that leaves the Germans undisturbed so far—you could build more than 350,000 flying machines like this.

Three hundred and fifty thousand such machines could carry on one trip and distribute above the German army or on German cities 105,000,000 **POUNDS OF EXPLOSIVES** at one trip.

Would it not be wise, beginning with 25,000 or 50,000 of these machines carrying from 7,000,000 to 15,000,000 pounds of dynamite on one trip, to work up as rapidly as possible to a really big flock of these aerial dynamite carriers?

Would the Germans have advanced so quickly in this last offensive if 50,000 of these flying machines, loaded with dynamite, had been flying above their heads?

Do you say that the fast or high-powered German machines would destroy such a flock of "United States Aerial Fords?" Possibly. German machine guns destroy infantry. Yet for a purpose you send men on foot against the machine guns.

And the few high-powered Prussian flying cars against 25,000 or 50,000 of these machines could do as little as a few hawks against a great flock of migrating birds—damage imperceptible and unimportant.

And the allies would have their own small flock of crack aviators and high-powered flying machines circling on the outskirts of the United States army flock of flying flivvers, fighting off the swift, powerful Prussian fliers.

The engines in this flying machine are not made like a chronometer or made by hand.

If they were, there would not be a million Ford cars in the United States and the automobile problem would not be solved here—as it is solved.

Henry Ford can produce engines for this machine at the rate of two thousand a day.

That would supply engines for thirty thousand flying machines a month.

If the aircraft gentlemen had started out a year ago to make these machines they could have enough in France now to blacken the sky above the German army and this drive would not have been started.

The Liberty Motor engineers may look with scorn on this picture and explain that the machine would be worthless.

They would have done the same if a few years ago you had shown them a Ford car—before the Ford was demonstrated—and had told them that it would do the motor work of the United States.

What the Ford has done on the ground, this machine could do in the air—crudely, roughly, dangerously, perhaps. But it would DO it.

This machine would do the work of the United States army, dropping tens of millions of pounds of explosives on German fighters and German towns, daily.

Many of these machines would be wrecked, many aviators killed—undoubtedly. But running one of these machines would be safer than work in the trenches or in the infantry charging against bayonets, shrapnel and poison gas.

These machines would fly above the poison gas and above the trebly poisonous Prussian, and drop on their heads the only argument that they understand.

There is nothing expensive about this "flying flivver," nothing hard to make, and nothing that will redound to the glory of any air craft genius or glorious "experimenting engineer" able to do almost anything BUT help solve the fighting flying machine problem.

The Aircraft Art Department complains of lack of linen. You do not need linen for THESE machines. Cotton, properly prepared, will do. If you cannot get for the engine castor oil, which is so scarce, something else will do. If you cannot get one particular kind of wood, you can make it of another.

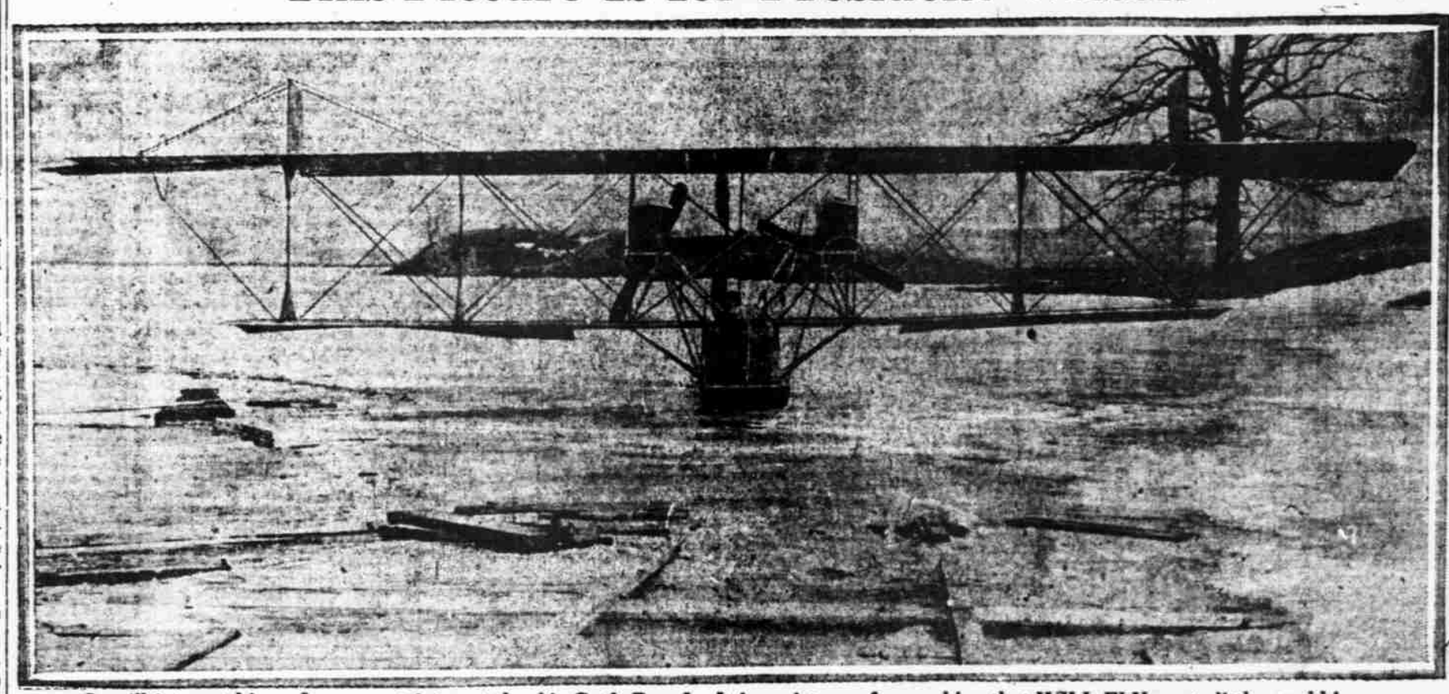
If you cannot make it perfect and safe, make it imperfect and unsafe—it will still drop dynamite on Prussians.

It won't develop glorious "ace" fliers to have their pictures printed. It can only go up about one mile—almost invisible at that height, by the way—it can only go a little faster than fifty miles an hour—but fast enough to overtake and rain dynamite on Prussian regiments on foot, on horseback or in automobiles.

This picture is printed for the President of the United

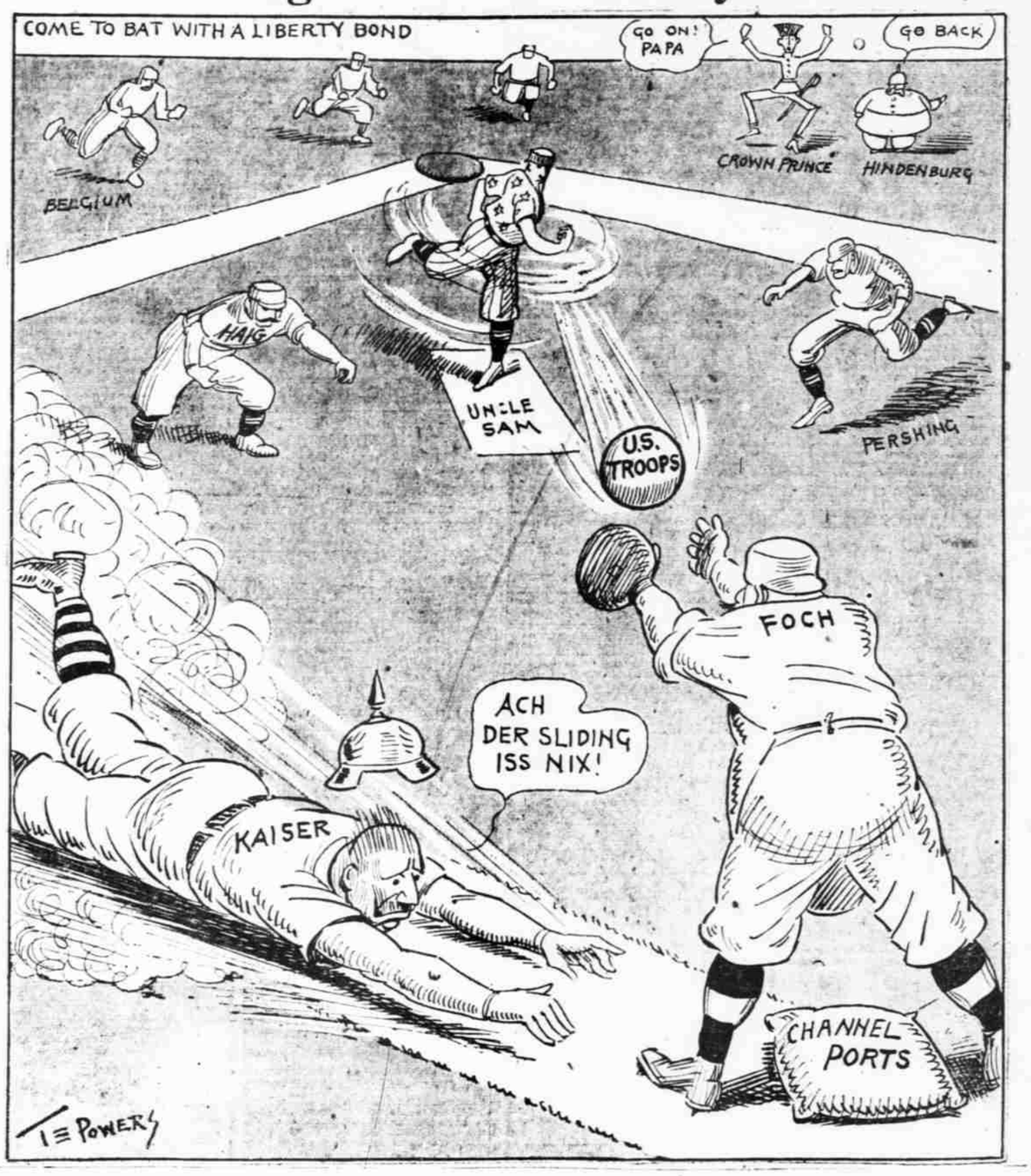
(Continued in Last Column.)

## This Picture Is for President Wilson



**It will interest him. It may not interest the Air Craft Board. It is a picture of a machine that WILL FLY, costs little, could be manufactured at the rate of a thousand a day—each machine able to carry three hundred pounds of dynamite and drop it on Prussian heads.**

## "Out---Stealing!" -:- By T. E. Powers




## Dissipation of Seeing Red in the Forties

By Winifred Black

"OH," said the Middle-aged Woman, rolling her large, dark eyes, and giving us all a sweet, tantalizing, secret Mona Lisa smile, "Oh, I just would be bored to death without men—and love affairs.

"I always keep one or two on hand, don't you know?—like the little bon-bon boxes full of chocolates, or the decanter with the sherry in it, or a gold box of cigarettes.

"Life would get on my nerves awfully if I starved my emotions.

"I do hate to be bored, and there's just one way to keep from being bored, and that is to be in love, or to have some one in love with you.

"I think I'm getting elderly. I don't seem to care much for men of my own age. Boys interest me tremendously, and that's always a sign, you know.

"I suppose I ought to be more careful. Harry is drinking himself to death, they say, and Joe has gone to sea. Their people are awfully cut up about it.

"Bobby is here yet. He says he'll kill me first and then himself—if I don't consent to marry him.

"Marriage? No, thank you.

"So far as I can see, marriage puts your emotions in cold storage."

Then the Middle-aged Woman lit another cigarette, and leaned her elbows on the table and did her earnest best to look like a vampire.

We all smiled and said, "Oh, of course," and "Aren't you dreadful?" and "You're really too bad." And we stepped on each other's toes under the table, and avoided each other's eyes, for we knew, all the time, that the Middle-Aged Woman was very lonely and very discontented and most unhappy, and none of us had ever seen her with any kind of a man of any age whatsoever, at any time.

But I wonder if we did right—wasn't there one among us, a single honest, friendly, sincere one, who ought to have made it her business to say:

"Now, Mary, don't do the vampire act with us. We all know you're as good as gold and as harmless as a home-made rice pudding; and as for the love affairs, your time's gone by for them long ago."

Wouldn't it have been kinder and more honest to do this than it was to agree with her, and then imitate her and make fun of her afterward?

She says, for instance, that she doesn't want to live when she gets to the place where she can't be "vivid" and "dynamic" any more. And she is really just as vivid as a rubber overcoat and as dynamic as a dish of mush.

Is it the part of real friendship to help one another to make fools of ourselves, I wonder?

The Middle-aged Woman is an only child, or was one. I mean, years and years ago—you can tell that by hearing her talk for just five minutes.

No brother in the world and no sister who ever lived would even allow her to make such a ridiculous image of herself—not for a minute.

She has good points, a kind heart, a broad and intelligent mind, decision of character, and a kind of intellectual honesty that is refreshing.

Do we do right to sit around and let her make a laughing stock of herself? Every time I see her I wonder about it.

Some time, if some woman of her own age, kindly and sensible, should say to her:

"Come on, Mary Bell, let's leave the young people to themselves and go and talk philosophy somewhere. Don't you wish you could be desperately interested in the color of somebody's eyes again, as you were twenty years ago? I do." Perhaps she'd begin to see, and not be hurt about it.

## Whiskey and Gasoline

**They Are Dangerous Separate, and More Than Dangerous When the Driver Tries to Mix Them. Make the Roads and Streets Safe.**

By EARL GODWIN.

"Nothing is more important in the line of police service than the preservation of human life by making the streets safe."

This sentence is from a bulletin to the police issued by Major Pullman. In a few words it conveys an idea which everyone—policeman, pedestrian, and motorist—should paste in his hat, to use a homely phrase.

The streets of Washington at present are far from safe to the scores of thousands of men and women who have to traverse the downtown section daily. The hospital lists show accident after accident, due to congested traffic, careless walking, careless driving.

Every pedestrian, unless he has had driving experience, puts ALL the blame on the automobile; many automobilists have the mistaken idea that they have the supreme right of way. Between these extremes the traffic officer has a hard time.

Especially commendable is the recent determination in the Police department to make it an extremely expensive matter for a man to mix whiskey with gasoline. Nothing make a machine go so fast as a few drinks under the driver's belt. Nothing is more dangerous to the general public. This summer and spring the Drunkards' Highway, between here and Baltimore, will be the scene of tragedy after tragedy, perhaps, and most of the deaths and maimings will be due to WHISKEY poured into the automobile driver. Our police have nothing to do with the Drunkards' Highway beyond the District line, but no punishment on the books covering traffic matters is too severe for whiskey drinking chauffeurs and drivers who escape death far enough to shoot their heavy cars into the District, while they themselves are in a befuddled condition.

There are a hundred thousand and more new people here. They should know that we have a moderate speed limit. Traffic officers are having trouble because many new chauffeurs believe they are privileged to break the speed laws because they happen to be doing Government business. There's nothing to that. When this city is under military rule it will be time enough to risk lives by speeding military gentlemen from one place to another at breakneck rate, BUT NOT TILL THEN.

## HEARD AND SEEN

This is in the nature of a suggestion. One humble Government clerk has discovered how to cope with the Georgia avenue car service situation. He states that he lets his toe nails grow long, finding it quite an aid in clinging to the steps.

Modesty forbids him consenting to the publication of his name. All the glory be thine.

T. G. COUNCILOR,
621 Keefer Place N. W.

**MUNICIPAL RAILWAY SHOWS GOOD PROFIT**

Receipts from the Municipal Railway system for the month of February amounted to $162,609.80 according to the report compiled by Superintendent Fred Boeken, and presented to the board of public works today. Expenses for the month amounted to $106,350.68, leaving a profit of $56,259.12. Of this amount, $29,202 went to the depreciation fund and $20,875 was used to pay off bonded indebtedness. The net balance for the month was $4,568.67.

The above is from the San Francisco Bulletin of April 3. Think it over, you assailants of municipal ownership.

**Soldiers' Home Concerts.**

Why not start a campaign of changing the time of the band concert at the Soldiers' Home. The unearthly hour of 5:45 is inconvenient to most people as that is usually dinner time. Why not change the time to 6:30, or better yet, 7:00. I understand that the concerts are generally for the old soldiers, but I notice that the public is usually in the majority. Hoping something will come of this, I am, yours truly,

A MUSIC FAN.

**A Long Roll.**

Remember the night the Capital Traction powerhouse burned down? Well, JIMMIE KELIHER and myself went in Ogram's to get a light, and "LITTLE JIMMIE" CHEESMAN, the night clerk, was busy rolling a pill. I dropped in Ogram's last night and there stood CHEESMAN still rolling that pill.

J. D. H.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics, in the Official Bulletin of April 10, presents figures to show that food in the United States increased in price 25 per cent from January, 1917, to January, 1918. And yet some people think that wages that have been in effect for ten years should keep everyone happy.

Remember those old yellow cars that used to run on the WRECO? Well, they are still in use—hand brakes, rattle, flat wheels and all—but they have covered up the yellow with black paint. Some other features of this company are not so well concealed.

The present fuel shortage reminds me that once we heard some talk of a Great Falls power project. A hydroelectric plant at the falls would be a great benefit to the Government and the public, but, of course, it would probably interfere with some one's dividends.

When we see coal wagons on the street loaded with brick no one can take exception, if we are suspicious, when the coal drivers say that they cannot get drivers to deliver coal.

Several years ago Congress raised its salary 50 per cent, and ever since they have been explaining why they can not possibly see their way clear to raise the salary of the clerks.

## Put Fifty Thousand of These Machines to Work Above German Soil

(Continued from First Column.)

States, who is responsible for carrying on the war, who bitterly resents delay and inefficiency, and asks only for results, whether they are from a hand-made chronometer type of flying machine screwed together, or like this flying flivver made of Ford engines, cheap cotton, nailed and glued.

**This machine can be seen flying at Salem, Ohio, with another manufactured there by the firm of William H. Mullins. This particular machine has been in use for more than two years, and made more than a thousand flights. It may not be THE machine. But it is a quantity machine. It will fly. Study it.**

**It is easy to say it can't be done. That has been said by the Air Craft Department and the Government Publicity Department most eloquently.**

**Why not do the thing that CAN be done? Manufacture 50,000 fighting flying flivvers, then another 50,000 and ask for boys to volunteer—boys willing to run this kind of a flying machine, even if it is a little risky, who would if necessary rather fall on top of a German in the act of killing than stand in the trench waiting to swallow poison gas.**

**THIS MACHINE CAN BE BUILT. Five hundred thousand like it can be built. Why not build them and show the Prussians a little efficiency labeled "U. S. A."**